

FDX

# Dan'l Boone

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AUTHORITY

## GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF ALL

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# HI KIDS! GET IN MY DAVY CROCKETT PLAYHOUSE TENT!



Davy Crockett Frontier life is here for your kiddies to thrill and enjoy in this large size Davy Crockett playhouse tent. Think of it! In your own back yard where the kiddies can play safely you can set this tent up in a jiffy for frontier and pioneer enjoyment. Even set it up in the house on rainy days. It's a full 10 ft. around. Large enough for your kiddies to play in with their friends. Presto Chango you set it up in seconds. No tools needed. Slips over any standard card table. Made of sturdy, durable, washable, safe—flameproof DuPont plastic. The realistic Davy Crockett design adds a picturesque touch of realism. Now, for the first time, can your kiddies live in the great outdoors just like America's favorite hero Davy Crockett. This Davy Crockett playhouse tent brings the wild woolly West right to your door. Rush your order while supplies are available at the low price of \$1.00 for your complete Davy Crockett playhouse tent.

## 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Order your giant Davy Crockett playhouse tent at our risk. Set it up and let the kiddies play with it. If not delighted return in 10 days for full refund of the purchase price. Supplies are limited. Price is \$1.00 plus 25c for postage, packing and handling. Only 3 to a customer. Rush coupon now before this offer is withdrawn.



**AN  
IDEAL  
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**LARGE  
ENOUGH FOR 2 KIDS  
SETS UP IN A JIFFY  
NO TOOLS NEEDED**

Now your favorite kiddies anywhere can be happy with a gift of this giant Davy Crockett playhouse tent.

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☐ I enclose \$1.00 plus 25c for postage, for each giant Davy Crockett playhouse tent ordered.

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# Dan'l Boone

SPOTTED DOG  
AND HIS WAR  
PARTY WERE DEAD-  
SURE THEY'D MADE  
A CLEAN GETAWAY  
WITH THEIR CAPTIVES!  
BUT THEY HADN'T  
RECKONED ON  
DAN'L BOONE AND  
THE

**SPIRIT**  
Of The  
**FRONTIER!**



**S**PRING  
WAS COMING  
IN ON  
THE WILD  
FRONTIER—  
AND THE  
YOUNG  
NED  
BARLOW  
WAS ALL  
SMILES  
AS HE  
JOGGED  
ALONG  
THE  
FOREST  
TRAIL...



JUST GOT WORD THAT POLLY'S  
MA HAS COME IN FROM  
VIRGINIA! THAT'S ALL OUR  
WEDDIN'S BEEN WAITIN' ON!

OH— OH— I'M HEADED TO BE WEDDED  
WITH THE GAL I'VE LOVED SO LONG!  
AND THAT SURE IS PLENTY REASON TO  
BURST OUT INTO SONG! ♪ ♪ ♪







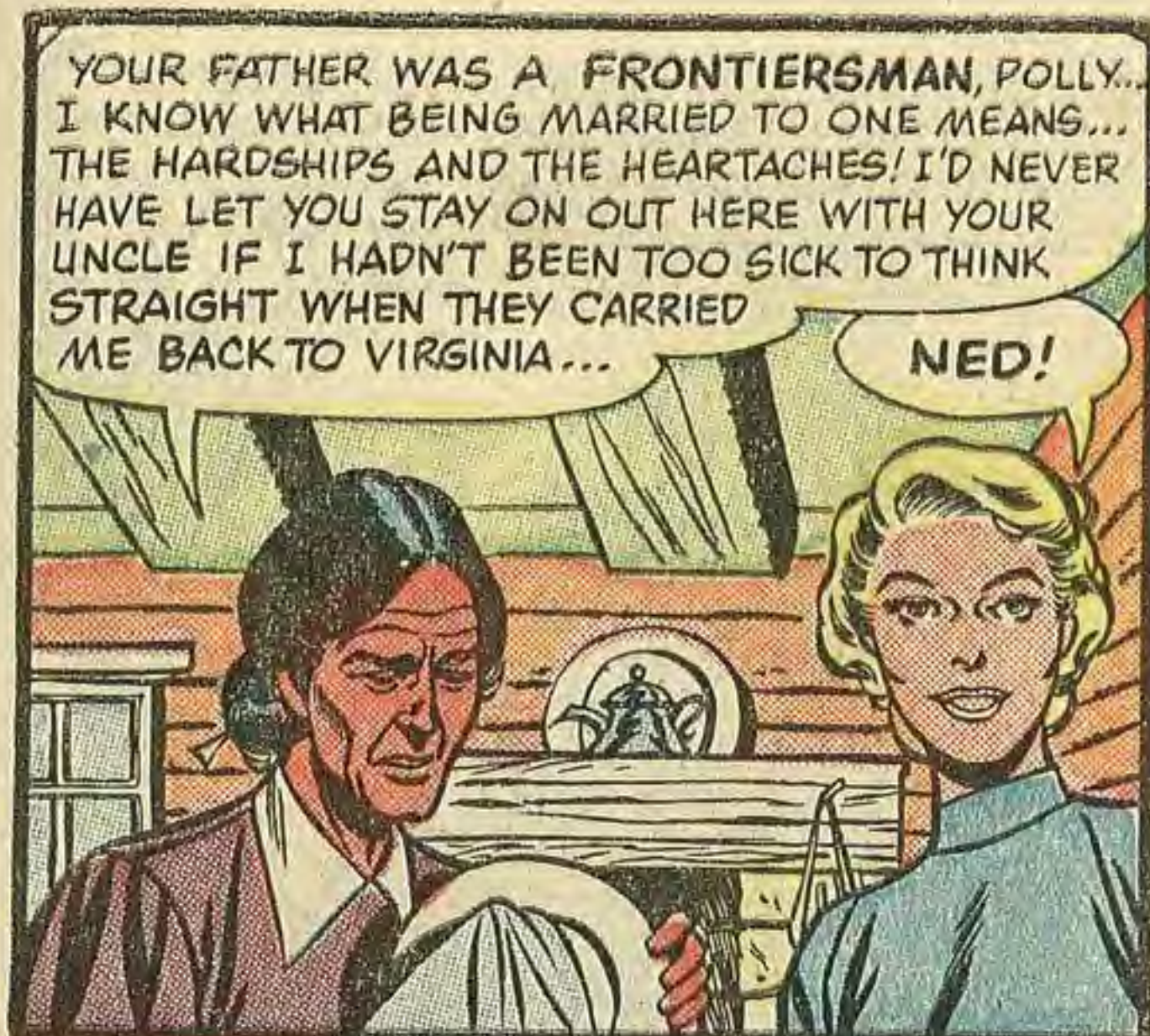
THAT'S JUST HOW IT WOULD HAVE BEEN IF A RIFLESHOT HADN'T RUNG OUT JUST THEN--!



NOT LONG AFTER, AT THE SETTLEMENT--





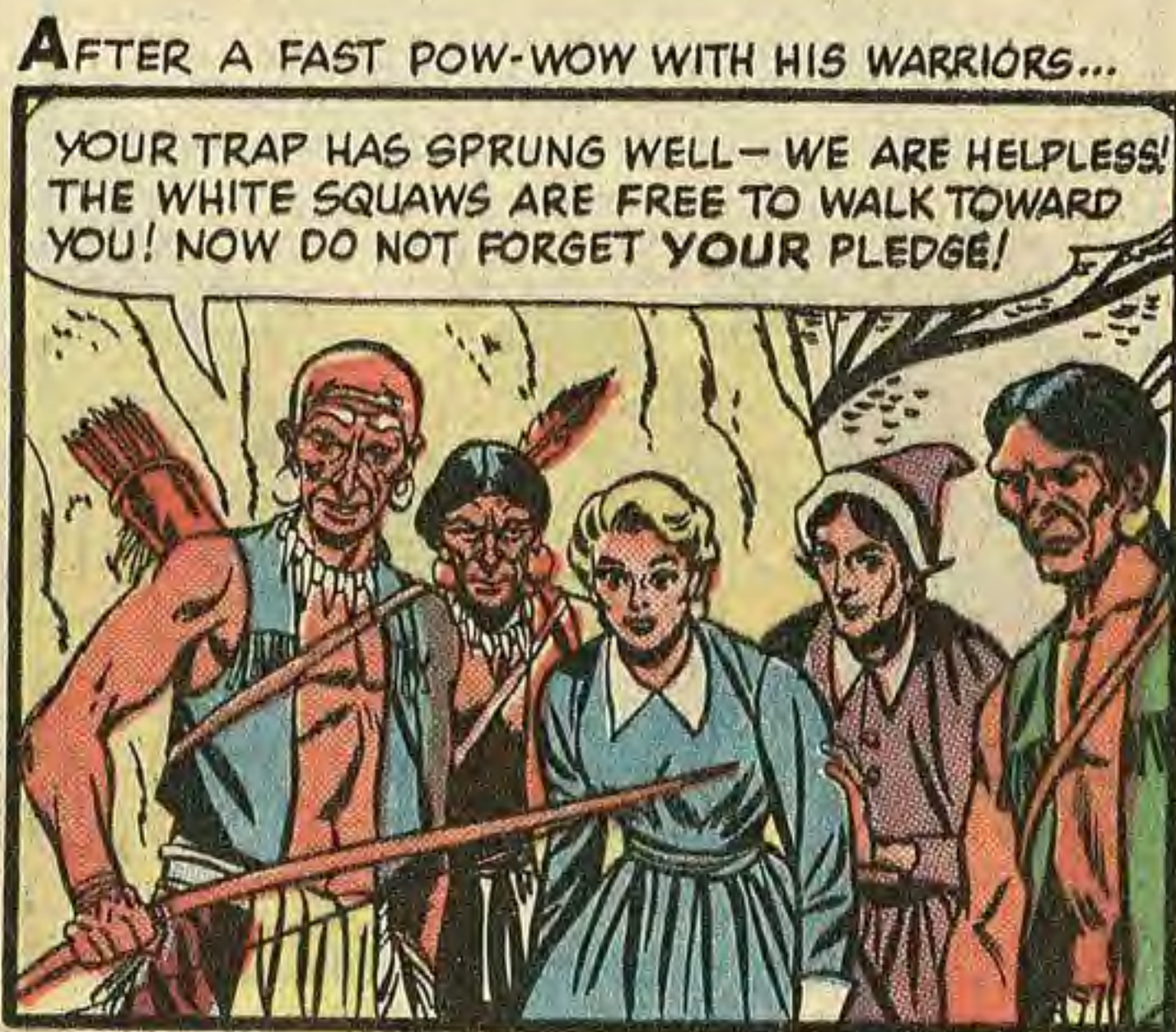








THE INDIANS AND THEIR CAPTIVES ARE WELL INSIDE THE RAVINE WHEN--







YE SHOT WILD  
SPOTTED DOG--

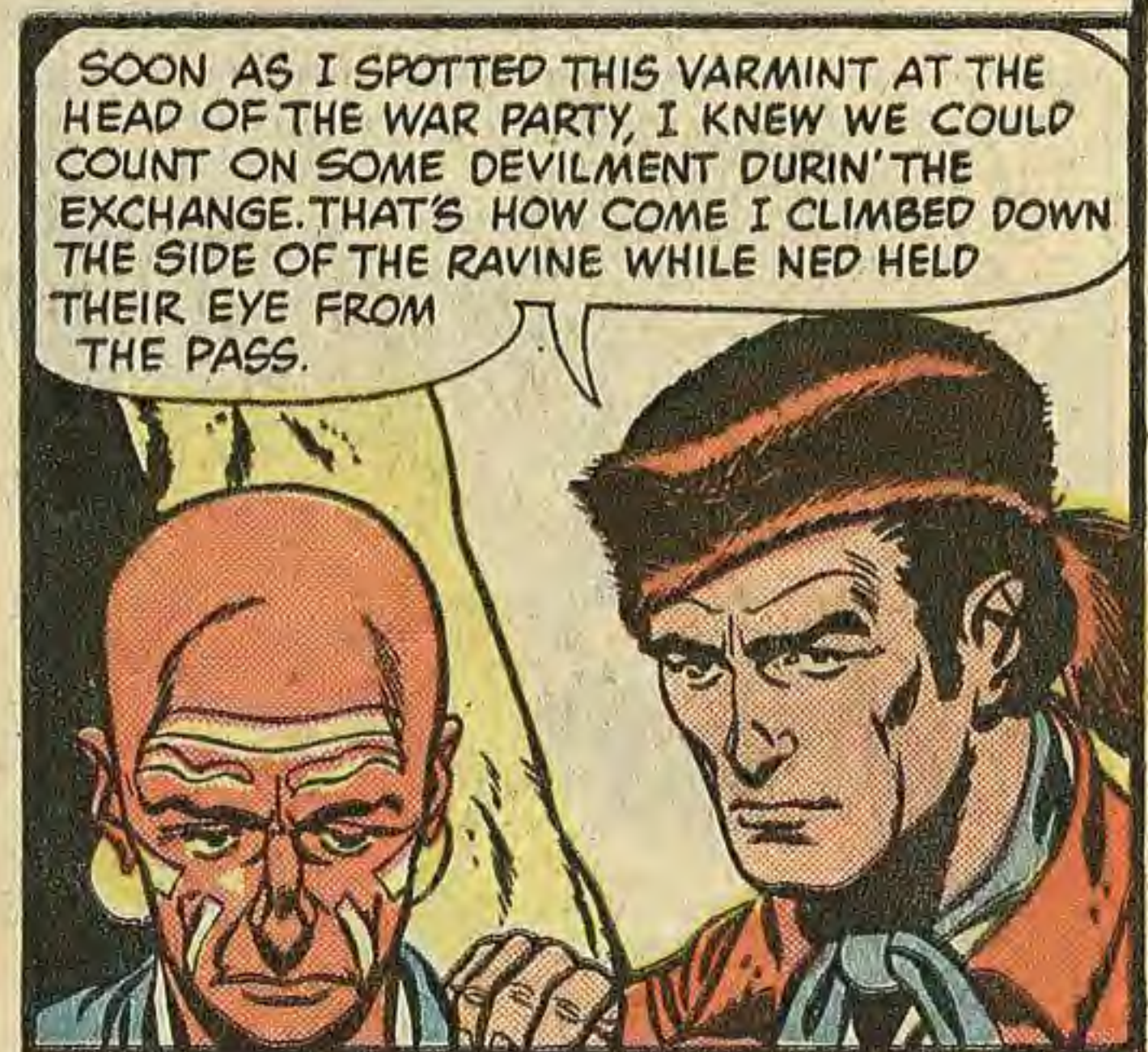


-- BUT MY FIST IS  
AIMED TRUE!



STAND  
BACK--  
ALL OF  
YE!

WE WILL NOT MOVE! WE GAVE OUR  
PLEDGE TO FREE THE SQUAWS... WE  
ARE SHAMED BY SPOTTED DOG'S  
TREACHERY!



SOON AS I SPOTTED THIS VARMINT AT THE  
HEAD OF THE WAR PARTY, I KNEW WE COULD  
COUNT ON SOME DEVILMENT DURIN' THE  
EXCHANGE. THAT'S HOW COME I CLIMBED DOWN  
THE SIDE OF THE RAVINE WHILE NED HELD  
THEIR EYE FROM  
THE PASS.



BOONE--  
WILL YE  
SPEAK TO  
POLLY'S  
MA NOW?

THERE'LL BE NO  
NEED TO, NED.  
SEEING YOU TWO  
IN ACTION JUST  
NOW... YOUR  
COURAGE AND QUICK-  
THINKING...



... SHOWED ME HOW BLINDED  
I'D BEEN BY SOFT VIRGINIA  
LIVING AND THE SCARED TALK  
OF CITY-BRED RELATIVES!  
IT'S ALL COME BACK TO ME  
NOW... THE GOOD AND THE  
JOYOUS LIVING OUT HERE,  
AS WELL AS THE HARD!  
AND I SEE CLEARLY THAT  
THERE'S  
NOTHING  
FINER  
THAN THE  
FRONTIER  
SPIRIT...



... NOR ANYBODY BETTER FOR  
POLLY TO MARRY THAN A  
FRONTIERSMAN!

The  
End



# AND NOW THE AMAZING DAVY CROCKETT COMICSCOPE

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A GIFT!!**



**A TOY!**

PROJECTOR.  
A.C. OR D.C.  
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Everything included! Comicscope—tube and lens. Remember the Comicscope operates on A. C. or D. C. current and will screen any picture and colored comics in their exact color.

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TIME ONLY—SO DO NOT DELAY**

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Name \_\_\_\_\_ (print clearly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Offer good in U.S.A. only. In Canada 5¢ extra)

Not necessary to send coupon — A facsimile will do.



# Dan'l Boone

OUT IN THE WILDERNESS, DAN'L BOONE WAS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR ANY BEAST OR BADMAN CROSSING HIS TRAIL! BUT THIS WAS THE CITY... WHERE WOODLORE DIDN'T COUNT... AND A BAND OF WILY SCOUNDRELS HAD CORNERED

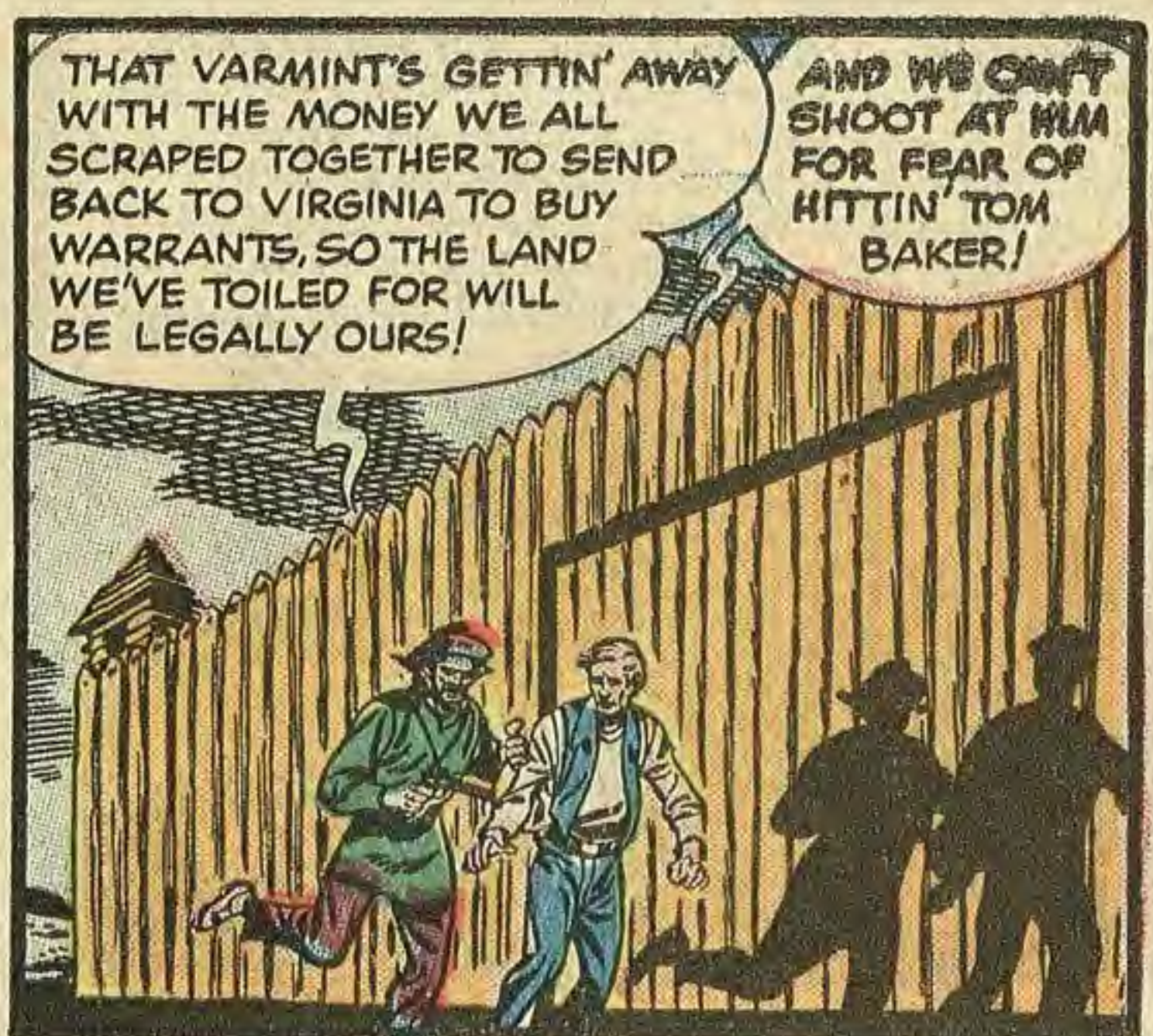
**THE MAN TO TRUST!**



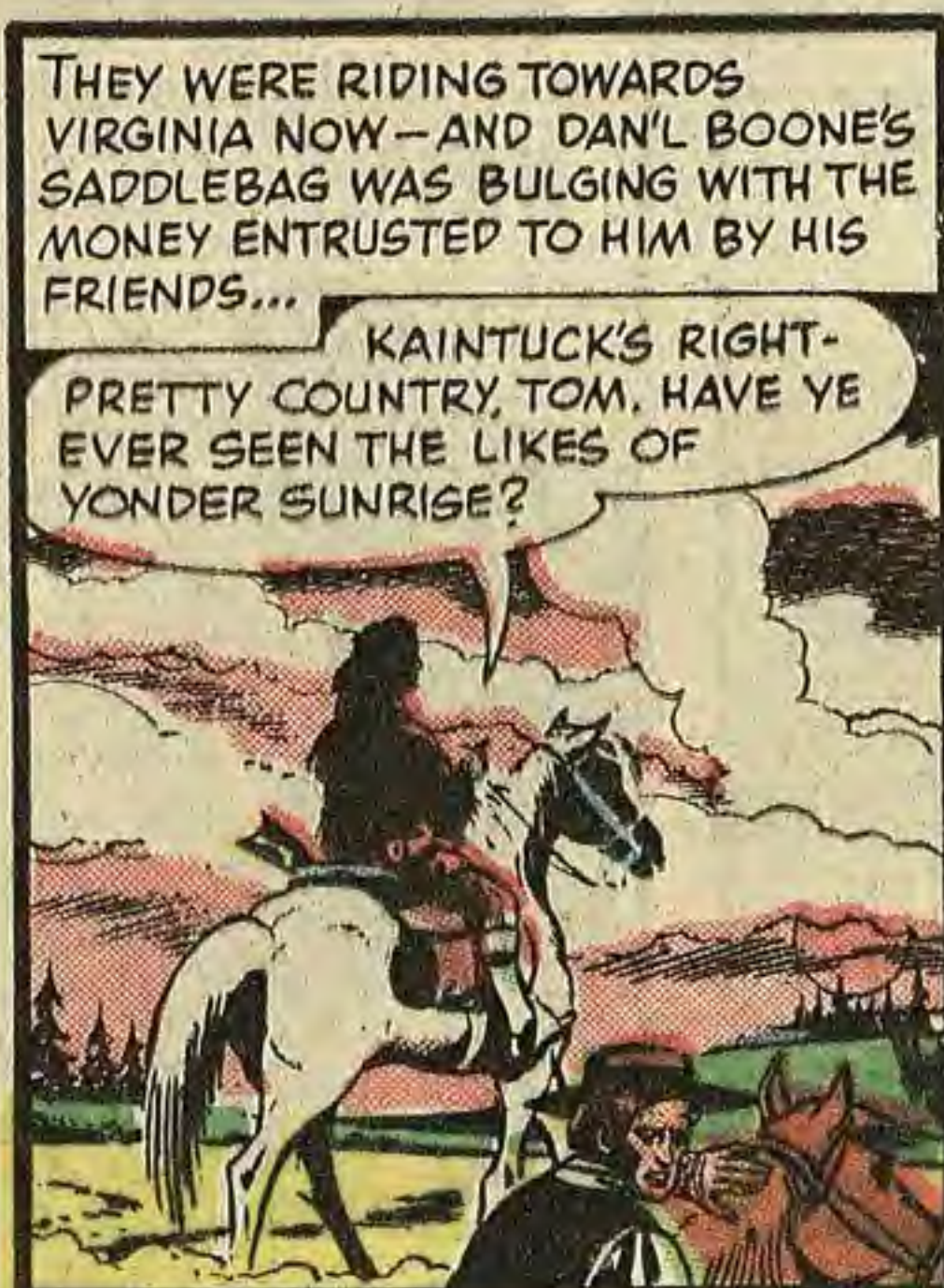
IT STARTED INSIDE A FRONTIER STOCKADE—



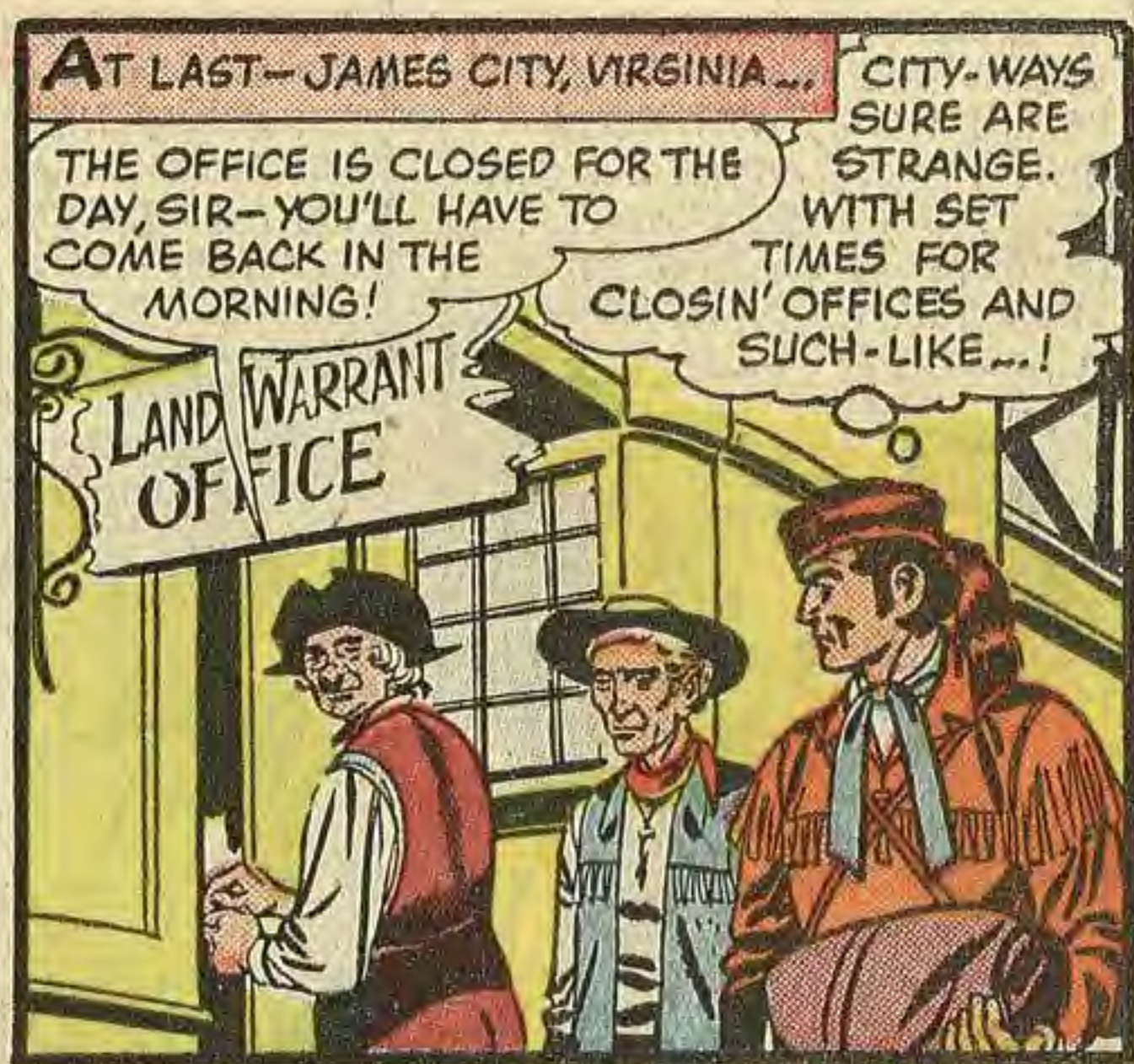
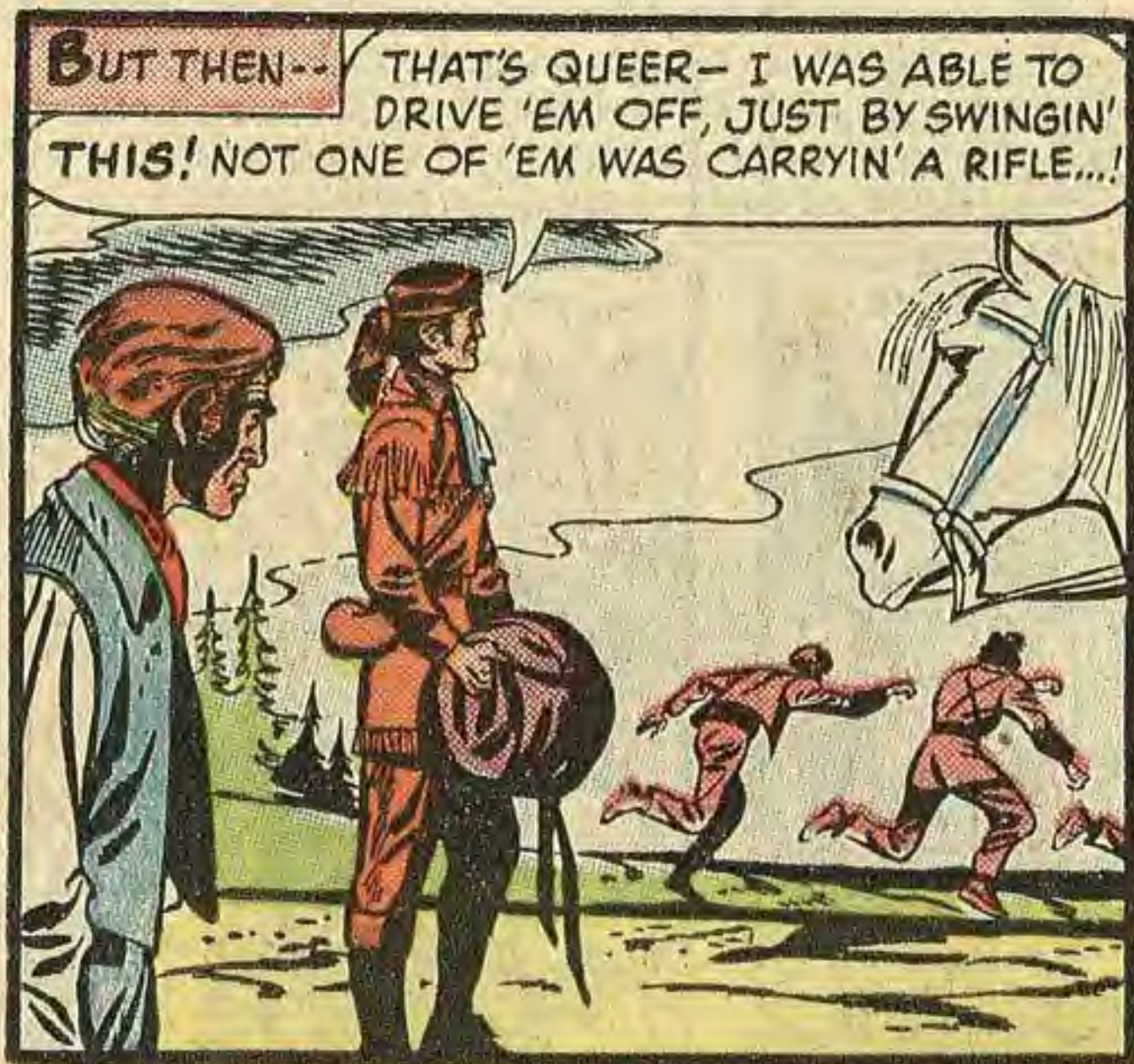
























The  
End



# Fool Your Friends!

## Giant package of IMPORTED TRICKS

### Be the LIFE OF THE PARTY!



**Squirt Trick**  
SHOW YOUR FRIEND THE WAY TO PRESS AND SQUIRT HIM IN THE FACE — AS HE LOOKS TO

**SHINER**  
BLACK EYE JOKE!  
IN TRYING TO FOCUS THE SCOPE THEY GET A BLACK EYE

**SNAPPING CHEWING GUM**  
When the victim reaches for a stick of gum and the spring snaps WATCH HIM JUMP!

**MAGIC WATER FLOWER**  
DROP CONTENTS IN WATER FLOWERS WILL APPEAR

**Wonder VOICE Thrower**

**HOT PEPPER CHEWING GUM**  
The more they chew the hotter they get!

**SUCKERS CARD TRICK**  
10c  
Open the folder. When a card is selected it will be seen by opening the other side A Dandy Palm Trick

**Nail Three Finger A TELLER ILLUSION**

**IMITATION LIT CIGARETTE**  
YOU WILL SURPRISE EVERYBODY LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING IT'S A REAL FOOL

Now for the first time ever, you can have a "bag of magic tricks" of your own. With our special GIANT PACKAGE OF IMPORTED FUNNY AND MAGIC TRICKS. You'll have a barrel of laughs by fooling your friends with these surprise tricks—GUARANTEED TO SATISFY.

**Jumping Snake CIGAR**  
OFFER YOUR FRIENDS A CIGAR WHEN HE ACCEPTS. SQUEEZE A SHAKE WILL POP OUT.

**ILLUSION BILL FOLDER**  
BY TURNING THE BILL FOLDER OVER AND OVER SEVERAL MAGIC TRICKS ARE DONE BY ANYONE

**DISAPPEARING MYSTERY FAN**  
Open and Fan will appear. Turn the side down, and Fan disappears.

**Special Offer**  
**12 TRICKS ONLY**  
**\$1**

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**PAUL MARTIN NOVELTY CO. DEPT D.B.5,**  
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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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LaCROSSE, WIS.

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☐ black and white; ☐ in natural colors.  
I am enclosing \$1.00 for black and white and \$1.50 for hand-colored. Total enclosed.....  
(We accept C.O.D. orders). Send C.O.D.....  
I want..... Xmas cards with following names printed on each. (If not enough room, please print names on separate sheet).  
My name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

**PHOTO XMAS CARDS** WITH YOUR NAME PRINTED ON EACH  
Others charge \$1.00 without your name. But we print your name beautifully on each card at world's lowest prices: 25 for \$1.00; 50 for \$1.75; 75 for \$2.50. FREE envelopes with each card! Send negative or picture but order now as supplies are limited.

**25 for \$1.00**



# JOLLY JIM DANDY



OHHH — THE GAL'S NOT ALIVE WHO CAN POLIT  
WHILE JOLLY JIM DANDY'S ABOUT!  
AND THE MAN'S NOT BEEN BORN WHO'S EVER  
ONCE FROWNED  
WHILE JOLLY JIM DANDY WAS FRISKIN' AROUND!

OHHH!

AHHHHHHHHH!

EEEEEEEEE!

MAINTUCK'S A LONELY LAND, JIM...  
HAY — SOMEBODY AS JOLLY AS YOU  
ALONG SURE HELPS WHILE AWAY  
THE DREAR WINTER!

SHUCKS, IF YE LIKED **THESE**  
FIREWORKS, FRIEND — JUST  
WAIT TILL YE SEE THE ONES I  
BRING IN NEXT MONTH!

**N**EXT MONTH, DEEP IN THE FOREST —

RIGHT NICE OF THESE TRAPPERS  
TO PILE UP THE SKINS FOR US —  
HUH, JED?

YUP — ALL  
WE HAVE TO  
DO NOW IS HAUL THE  
SKINS TO OUR SECRET  
HIDEOUT!





JUST THEN—

HEY! SOMEBODY IS SHOOTIN' AT US!



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES, MEN! IT'S A WHOLE ARMY WITH CANNON AND EVERYTHING!



LUCKY I CAME ALONG WITH THAT LOAD OF FIREWORKS! JUST ONE RIFLE-SHOT FOLLOWED BY A STRING OF FIRECRACKERS WAS ALL THAT WAS BEHIND THAT TREE-MENDOUS BARRAGE!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, TRAPPERS—LET'S GO AFTER THOSE VARMINTS!



IT'S NO USE, JIM DANDY! THAT GANG'S BEEN THIEVIN' IN THESE PARTS FOR A RIGHT LONG SPELL NOW... BUT NOBODY'S EVER BEEN ABLE TO TRACK DOWN THEIR SECRET HIDEOUT!

THEN IT'S HIGH TIME SOMEBODY DID!



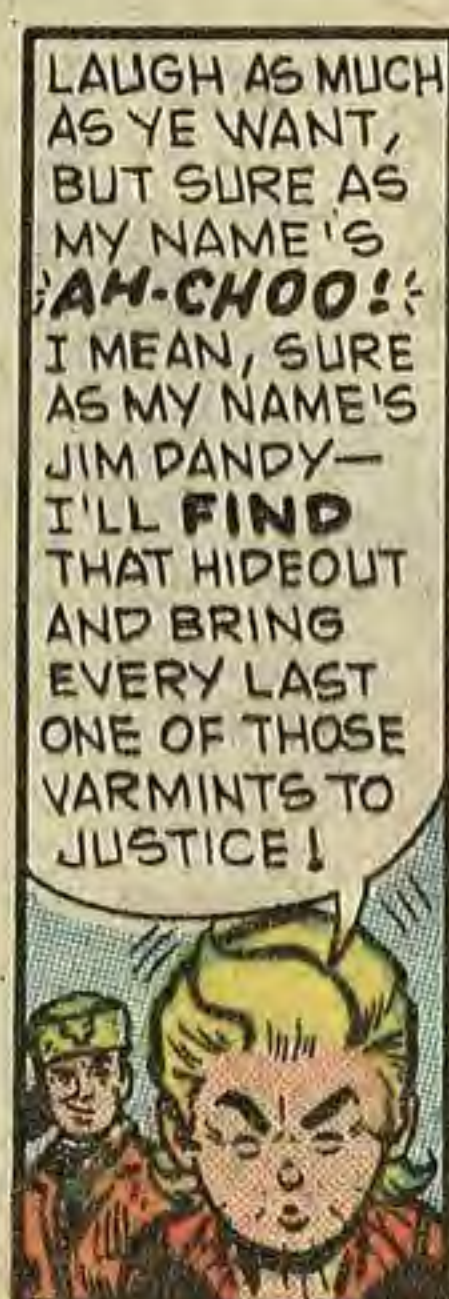
AND BEIN' THAT I AIM TO HELP KEEP THE FRONTIER LAWFUL AS WELL AS JOLLY, I'M EE-LECTIN' MYSELF FOR

DOORS—

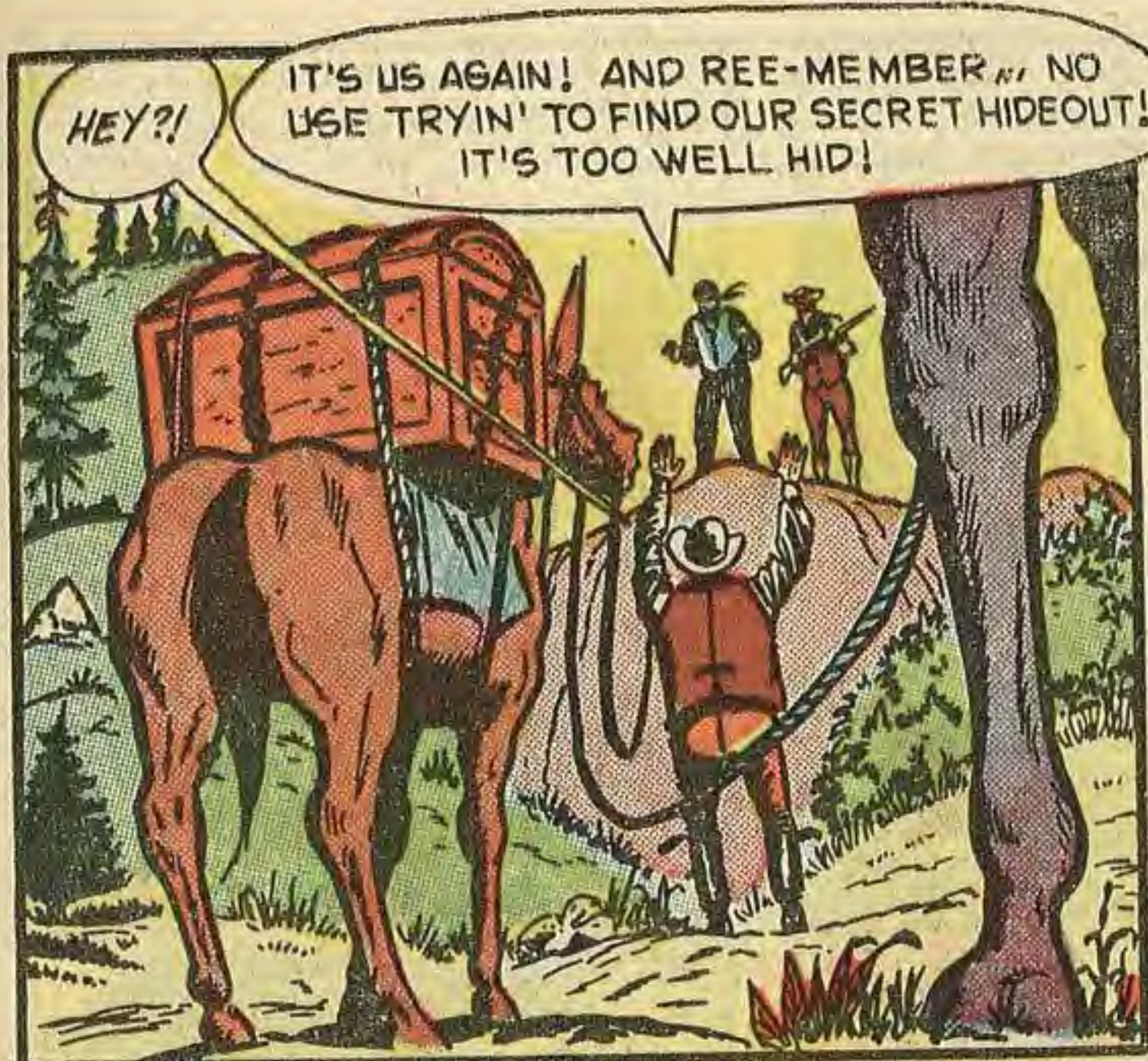
THE JOB!











HEY?!

IT'S US AGAIN! AND REE-MEMBER, NO USE TRYIN' TO FIND OUR SECRET HIDEOUT! IT'S TOO WELL HID!



AND SO, AFTER THE RAID—

HEH-HEH-HEH—NOBODY EVER THOUGHT OF LOOKIN' FOR US IN THIS CAVE **BEHIND THE WATERFALL!**

YUP—THEY KEEP LOOKIN' FOR WHERE WE LEAVE THE RIVER, AND WE FOOL 'EM BY **NOT LEAVIN' IT AT ALL!**



LATER—

HAVEN'T YE BEEN ABLE TO OPEN THAT BOX YET?

WE'VE <sup>GASP</sup> TRIED EVERYTHING, BUT THOSE LOCKS JUST WON'T BUDGE!



WHAT'S INSIDE *SURE* MUST BE WORTH A HEAP OF MONEY!

HMMM—



—WE JUST DON'T HAVE ENOUGH STRENGTH LEFT AFTER TODAY'S RAID. LET'S GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, AND TRY AGAIN IN THE MORNIN'!



AFTER MIDNIGHT—

HEH-HEH-HEH—I SENT 'EM ALL TO SLEEP JUST SO I WOULDN'T HAVE TO SHARE WHATEVER'S IN THAT BOX!



TH-THE BOX! SOMETHIN'S COMIN' OUT THROUGH THE S-SIDE!





The End



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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, SUSSEX PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

Editor, RAYMOND C. KRANK, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

Managing Editor, NONE.

Business Manager, SARAH R. HENDERSON, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given.) SUSSEX PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. VINCENT SULLIVAN, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of October, 1955.

THEODORE MARVIN, Notary Public, State of New York No. 03-7747800

Qualified in Bronx County Certs. filed with Bronx & N. Y. Co. Clk. & Reg.

Commission expires March 30, 1956



We bring you the fifth in a series of stories dealing with the early days of the frontier.

# THE GANTLET

**YOUNG TAD JONES** knew his friend, Jim Kirby, to be as cool and resourceful as any man on the wild frontier. He knew him to have more chunks of frontier know-how tucked up his fringed buckskin sleeve than a hound dog has fleas. But the way Kirby managed things that time they had to run the peril-crammed gantlet between Red Lick River and Bryan's Station, really topped all...

• • •

They were in a tight spot all right that first day, crouching in the reeds bordering the Red Lick, with old Ebenezer Walton lying half-dead between them — and the angry Shawnees trampling through the tall green stalks less than two hundred yards away, coming closer and closer. . . .

Black Cloud, the Shawnee chief, had counted on getting a big ransom for Old Ebenezer, knowing him to be well liked by all settlers in the territory. Right after taking him captive, the chief had given strict order that he be guarded closely. But old Ebenezer's age — the never-stop trembling of his gnarled thick-veined hands — set the Shawnees to thinking he was too old and feeble ever to make a break for freedom.

So they relaxed their guard . . . and the first chance Ebenezer got—being wondrously hale and hearty for his age, despite his hands' trembling—he ran clear out of the encampment.

But after a spell of running, his age did tell against him. And even though he could hear the faint war-whoops of the Shawnees hot on his trail, he had to stop to rest.

He leaned weakly against a tree, hardly able to breathe. Sighing brokenly, he shut his eyes to spare himself the sight of the Shawnees coming. Then he felt a hand on his shoulder . . . and when he forced his eyes open, he almost swallowed his tongue in a gasp of surprise.

For Jim Kirby and young Tad Jones, moving through the thick shadows of the forest quiet as two cats had come upon him before the Shawnees could.

That was the start of the gantlet—with Kirby hearing old Ebenezer's tale of capture and escape, and Kirby opining grimly that there wasn't anything Chief Black Cloud wouldn't do now to get the old man back. That the chief, being wily, would know Ebenezer had no choice but to set out for Bryan's Station — and if need be, the chief would string out his warriors in a gantlet between here and there . . .

Before Tad could ask what their first move would be, Kirby directed him to help hustle old Ebenezer over to the stretch of reeds bordering the river. And because the Shawnees were so close, there was no time to blind their trail.

So now the three of them lay in the reeds—with the Shawnees trampling through the tall green stalks, coming ever closer. . . .

\* \* \*

And they would have been caught for sure right there and then—if Kirby hadn't come up with his first chunk of frontier know-how.

Pulling out three reeds, breaking the ends cleanly, he motioned Tad to help drag Ebenezer even closer to the river. . . .

And when the Shawnees trampled their way clear to the water's edge, neither the old man nor his rescuers were to be seen.

Jabbering angrily, the Shawnees waded into the water and found tracks leading up the far bank. But the tracks stopped at a rock outcrop edging the bank, and couldn't be picked up again despite a heap of close searching. So at last the Shawnees moved on with Chief Black Cloud loudly giving orders to set up a gantlet just as Jim Kirby had opined he would. . . .

And all that time the three hunted men were hiding underwater, breathing through



reeds that just broke the surface. They'd had time to climb the far bank, stop at the rock crop, then step back carefully in their own tracks down to the river again. And it had worked right-fine. The Shawnees had been sure they'd managed to blind their trail *beyond* the river, never dreaming *that's* just where they were all through the search.

\* \* \*

At nightfall, they moved out, counting on darkness to cloak their slow, cautious movements. Old Ebenezer was coughing bad and his hands were trembling worse than ever. They covered scant distance that night.

In the morning, they were resting wearily in a narrow ravine . . . when they hit the second post of the gantlet.

But the Shawnees who had spotted them—not knowing yet who Ebenezer's rescuers were—made the fatal mistake of war-whooping before they charged. And Jim Kirby had time to sight down the long barrel of his Kentucky rifle.

KRAKK!

The warrior leading the charge crumpled to the tune of startled yelps by the others. Then the others turned tail and ran for their lives.

For that oh-so-true, far-range shot had told them they had none other than Jim Kirby to deal with—and not one of those Shawnees chose to stay around to be pinpointed by another bullet from Kirby's famed rifle.

"From here on in they'll play it cagey," Kirby said as he rammed a new charge home. "They'll try to get us without comin' close."

But knowing that didn't mean the three began to take chances. They kept blinding their trail, zigzagging as they moved toward Bryan Station, running along fallen tree trunks wherever they could. For two days and two nights they saw neither hide nor hair of the Shawnees—but knowing Chief Black Cloud and having heard his orders, they knew the gantlet was still on. . . .

And they were right. Ahead of them lay a junction of trails that left them with no choice but to take the remaining one if they were to get to the station without a long detour. On that trail, the Shawnees had set up a giant snare. They had blinded the snare carefully, covering it with leaves and branches, working long hours—for they wanted to make sure Kirby's keen eyes would not spot the trap before springing it and being swept up off his feet.

Now the three were coming up that trail, their pace quickened by the nearness of Bryan's Station—and the snare hung just around the bend. . . .

**"STOP!"**

It was Jim Kirby's voice that rang out the warning to the other two. For the Shawnees had blinded the trail *too well*, carrying leaves over to places where leaves wouldn't naturally have fallen. And his keen eyes, sharpened even further by suspicion, had made out the dim outlines of the giant snare. . . .

They were almost in sight of the station now—on a bluff separated by thick trees from the clearing's edge. But old Ebenezer was in worse shape than ever, and there was no moving him just then. And now the Shawnees, frenzied and wrathful by the likelihood of their gantlet failing, were closing in again—this time openly.

A young hook-nosed warrior had outstripped the rest. He was climbing the steep trail toward them, one hand clutching at roots, the other hefting his war-axe.

"Tad," Kirby said, "run to the station. Get help."

"I can't leave," Tad said. "You'll have time for only one shot. And then the rest of the Shawnees will —"

"Ye heard me, boy. *Do as I said!*"

Those last four words were spoken so firmly, they left Tad no choice. Turning sadly, he began to run for the station. And as he ran, he had visions of that young hook-nosed warrior going down before Kirby's rifle—but then the rest overpowering Kirby before he had a chance to reload. . . .

\* \* \*

Now Tad was running back to the bluff with a grim band of settlers at his heels. No sound greeted the rescue party from beyond the thick trees. And for the first time, Tad realized he hadn't even heard *one* shot from Kirby's rifle since leaving him. Fear had begun to spread like an opening hand inside Tad . . . when suddenly he saw them.

Jim Kirby and Ebenezer Walton were sitting coolly, just the two of them, smiling and waving.

"The Shawnees? Where are they?" Tad yelled.

"They've skedaddled back," Kirby said.

"B-but how did you —?"

"Weren't much," Kirby said. "That hook-nosed young warrior that had outstripped the rest . . . I knew him to be Chief Black Cloud's own son. So all I had to do was pin him to the ground—and then **TRADE HIM FOR OUR FREEDOM** when the rest led by Black Cloud himself, showed up!"

Well, after hearing that, all Tad could say was, "*Whew!*" and smile weakly.

He'd always known Jim Kirby to be cool and resourceful — but **THIS** really topped all!

**THE END**



# Dan'l Boone

THIS IS THE  
TALE OF  
DAN'L BOONE  
AND A  
MYSTERIOUS  
TIMEPIECE...  
OF HOW THE  
GREATEST  
HUNTER OF  
THEM ALL,  
SET OUT ON  
THE PERIL-  
PACKED  
TRAIL OF

The Clock  
that Ticked  
**DANGER!**



**M**OST FOLKS IN THAT SETTLEMENT WERE  
DOING POORLY THAT WINTER...



I'M HUNGRY,  
MA!

SHHHH, CHILD -- WON'T BE  
LONG NOW THAT YE'LL HAVE  
YOUR FULL OF VITTELS --!

-- FOR DAN'L BOONE HAS COME BY! AND  
HAVIN' HEARD HOW STARVED WE  
'ALL ARE -- HE'S GOIN' A-HUNTIN'!



**T**HAT'S HOW THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF THE  
CLOCK STARTED -- WITH BOONE SETTIN' OFF  
ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY....



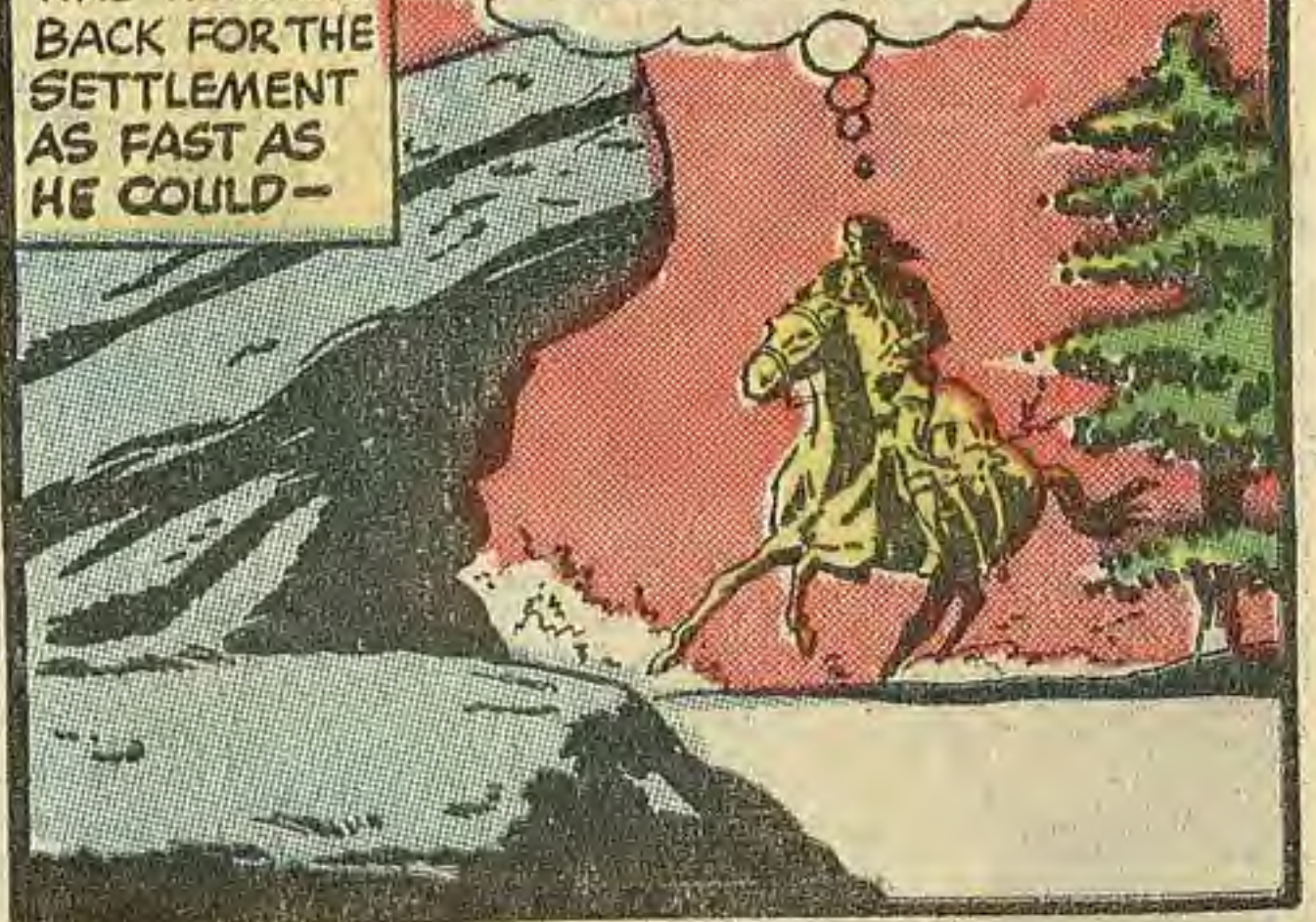
THAT DAY AND THE NEXT, WILD GAME KEPT CRASHING DOWN TO THE TUNE OF TICK-LICKER'S SHARP REPORT...

I'LL CACHE WHAT I'VE BROUGHT DOWN-- AND COME BACK WITH A CARRYIN' PARTY!



NOW BOONE HAD USED HIS LAST BULLET AND WAS HEADING BACK FOR THE SETTLEMENT AS FAST AS HE COULD--

WHEN A MAN'S TOTIN' AN EMPTY RIFLE, THE FOREST'S NO PLACE FOR.... UH-OH... SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE OVER YONDER!



HELP!...  
HELP!!



THAT GRIZZLY! I STUMBLED OVER HER CUB... SHE'S COMING RIGHT FOR ME!



HEY?!



?!











AFTER DIRECTING A CARRYING PARTY TO THE GAME CACHE, BOONE SET OUT ON THE TRAIL OF THE CLOCK! AND EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE RAIDERS' ENCAMPMENT...







THEY HAD BEEN OUT A FULL HOUR NOW/ THE  
FIRST SHOT WAS FIRED BY FLEET ELK-



LATER, BACK AT THE ENCAMPMENT--







MEANWHILE, IN SILAS TRIMMER'S CABIN AT THE EDGE OF THE SETTLEMENT --







I'D BEEN USING THE CLOCK AS A HIDING PLACE FOR ALL MY RECORDS! AND THOSE RECORDS PROVE THAT I'VE BEEN PROFITEERING!



—THAT I'VE BEEN OVER-CHARGING THE SETTLERS TENFOLD ON ALL THE SUPPLIES!

SO WHAT? THE INDIANS CAN'T READ!



WHAT IF THE INDIANS TRADED THE CLOCK... AND IT FELL INTO THE WRONG HANDS?! THE WAY THOSE SETTLERS HAVE BEEN SUFFERING LATELY... DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'D DO IF THEY EVER FOUND OUT ABOUT ME?!



BUT WHAT ABOUT BOONE HIMSELF? YE REALLY THINK HE'S SWALLOWED THAT STORY YE GAVE HIM ABOUT WHY YE WANTED THE CLOCK BACK?

THAT'S WHY I'VE CALLED YOU ALL TOGETHER! ONCE BOONE DELIVERS THAT CLOCK... WE MUST GET RID OF HIM!



NOT LONG AFTER—

HERE IT IS, MR. TILLER— YE CAN REST EASY NOW.



GOOD WORK, MEN!... NOW KEEP AN EYE ON HIM WHILE I CHECK FOR THE PAPERS!



THEY'RE GONE!!





WHERE ARE THEY, BOONE?  
YOU FOUND THEM-- DIDN'T  
YOU?! YOU'VE ALREADY HANDED  
THEM OVER TO THE SETTLERS--  
DIDN'T YOU?



RECKON THAT'S THE SIZE  
OF IT, TILLER. LIKE YE  
SAID... I HANDED THEM  
OVER! AND IF YE LISTEN  
REAL HARD, YE'LL HEAR  
THE SETTLERS ON THEIR  
WAY HERE RIGHT NOW!



W-WE'RE SURROUNDED..  
I-I CAN HEAR THEM ON  
ALL SIDES!



Y-YOU  
CAN...?

HERE'S MY CHANCE....



TO COME INTO MY OWN AGAIN! STAND BY,  
TICK-LICKER - I KNOW JUST WHERE  
YE'RE WAITIN'!



STAND FAST, ALL OF YE! I STILL DON'T  
KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT... BUT I  
RECKON IT'LL BE EASY FINDIN' OUT NOW! I  
NEVER HANDED ANY PAPERS OVER, TRIMMER  
...NOR DID YOU HEAR ANYBODY COMIN'!  
THOSE WERE JUST REGULAR FOREST SOUNDS  
MADE FEARSOME BY FRETFUL NERVES!.



LATER... COME TO THINK OF IT, FRIENDS--  
I DID SEE THOSE PAPERS!  
THAT CHIEF WAS SO RILED-UP AT MY  
WINNIN' THE CONTEST, THAT HE FLUNG THE  
CLOCK DOWN HARD TO THE GROUND! AND  
THOSE MUST'VE BEEN THE PAPERS THAT  
FLEW OUT WHEN THE CLOCK SPRUNG  
OPEN! OUT THEY FLEW...  
AND STRAIGHT  
INTO THE NEARBY  
CAMPFIRE BEFORE  
I COULD EVEN  
GUESS WHAT  
THE WRITIN'  
ON THEM WAS  
ALL ABOUT!

The  
End





**MEN - WOMEN - BOYS - GIRLS**

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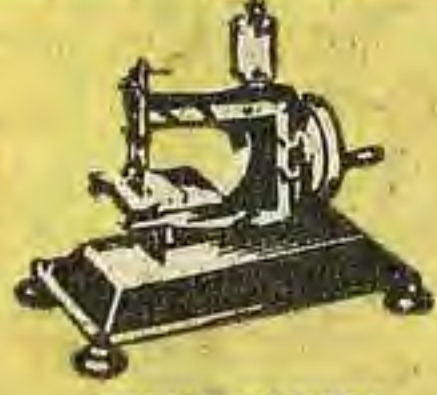
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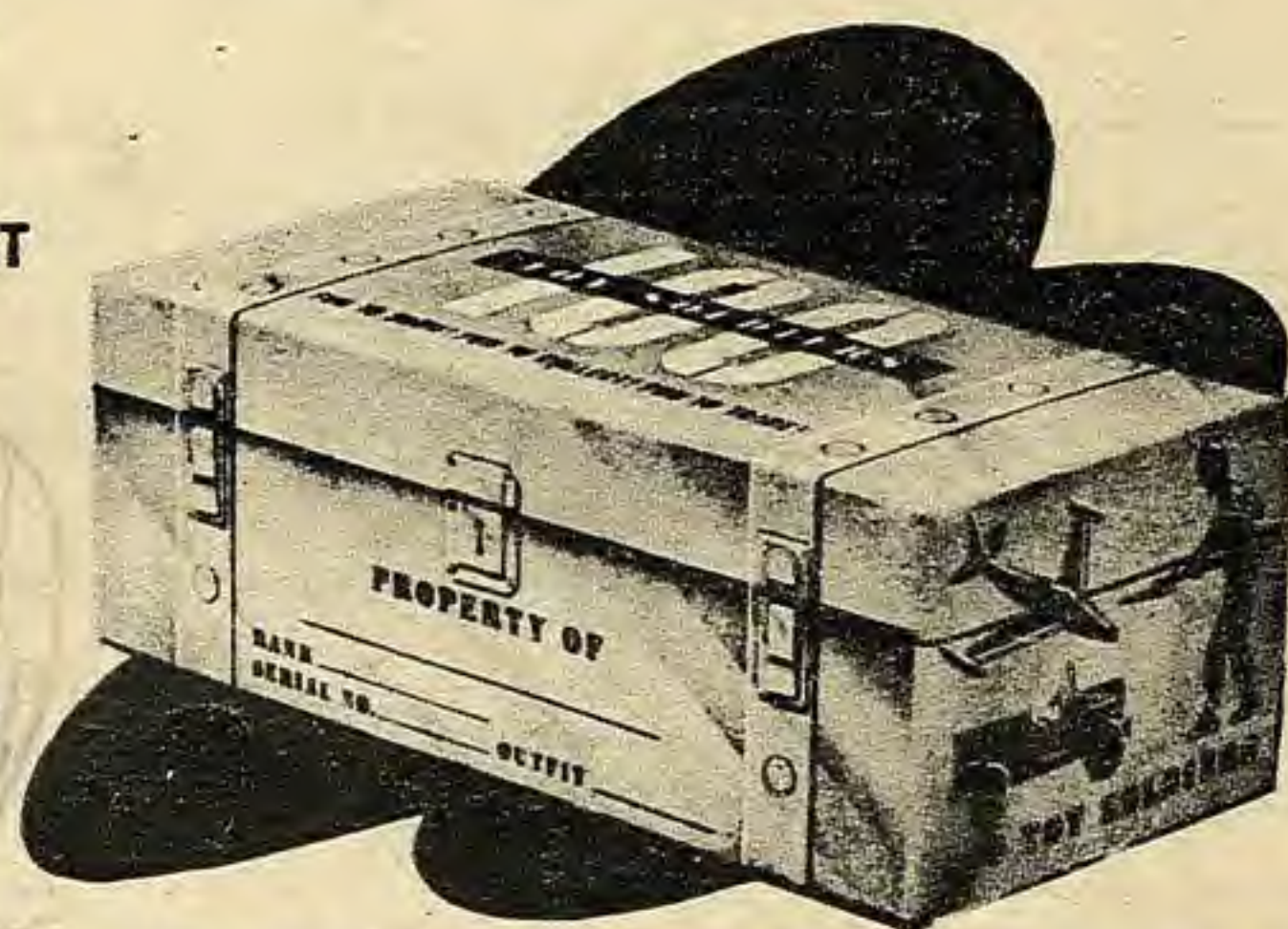
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